Rev. John Pierce
from his Friend
and humble Serv
A. P.

DOCTOR DWIGHT'S
SERMON,
ON THE DEATH OF
Mr. Ebenezer Grant Marsh.

A

SERMON

ON THE

DEATH

OF

MR. EBENEZER GRANT MARSH,

SENIOR-TUTOR,

AND

PROFESSOR ELECT OF LANGUAGES AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY,

IN

YALE COLLEGE,

Who died November 16th, 1803,

IN THE 27th YEAR OF HIS AGE;

PREACHED IN THE BRICK CHURCH IN NEW-HAVEN, November 20.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF HIS FATHER,

THE REV. JOHN MARSH,

Pastor of the first Church in Wethersfield.

The righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hands of God

ECCLESIASTES.

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1804.

A

SERMON,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. MARSH.

HEBREWS xi. 4.

—— *And by it he, being dead, yet speaketh.*

THESE words are the concluſion of that ſhort hiſtory, which St. Paul has given us of the firſt Martyr to truth and righteouſneſs. Among the numerous, honourable perſons, aſſembled in this chapter, as eminent examples of the excellence of Faith, Abel is mentioned as the firſt; as the head of a long and glorious train, by whom this guilty world has been ſaved from entire diſgrace, and untimely diſſolution. No collection of men can be found on the pages of hiſtory, within the ſame limits, who have borne a character equally illuſtrious; nor is any recital of human conduct, of the ſame length, equally honourable to the race of Adam.

In the ſucceeding chapter this aſſembly of worthies is preſented to us in the ſtrong and affecting image of a vaſt *cloud of Witneſſes*, always ſurrounding us in our journey through life. Like a hoſt of guardian Angels, they are ever on the wing; moving as we move; reſting when we reſt; never indifferent to our intereſts;

never ſlackening their attention; undiſcouraged by our unworthineſs; unweared by their own exertions. No teſtimony of finite beings can be more important than that, which is borne by them; none more ſincere, and none more entitled to our faith, and moſt ſerious regard.

They are witneſſes, ſolemn, faithful, unimpeachable witneſſes, to the truth of the doctrines, in which they believed; to the practicability of becoming religious; to the ſupreme excellence of religion; to the reality, importance, and efficacy, of evangelical faith; to the victory, which it atchieves over all ſpiritual enemies; to the eſcape, which it enables us to gain, from the wrath to come; and to the attainment, to which it is invariably deſtined, of endleſs life in the heavens. They are, in a word, witneſſes, who cannot rationally be reſiſted, of the truth and divinity of the Scriptures; of the power, wiſdom, and goodneſs, of God; of the all-ſufficiency, faithfulneſs, and love, of the Redeemer; of the renewing energy of the Eternal Spirit; of the truth of the divine promiſes; and of the exalted nature, and glorious end, of evangelical Religion.

This great aſſembly is exhibited by the Apoſtle as continually *compaſſing us about;* as a *cloud* enveloping our whole horizon. They are ever preſent; ever attentive to our conduct; ever ready to rejoice in our obedience, and to mourn over our declenſion; to applaud our ſucceſsful ſtruggles againſt ſin, and our faithful labours of righteouſneſs, and to condemn our tame reſignation of ourſelves to luſt, and our promotion of iniquity, either by depraved example, or guilty effort. They ſolemnly remind us of our danger, exhort us to vigilance, fortitude, and prayer, encourage us by their example, and their ſucceſs, and reprove us with affectionate ſeverity for our negligence, ſloth, and debaſement.

In the Text it is declared, that Abel, particularly, is thus an Inſtructor of mankind. *By his Faith*, the great and diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of himſelf, and his fellow worthies, he is ſaid ſtill to ſpeak to the gene-

rations, who have ſucceeded him. The things which he utters are not ſpecified by St. Paul; they muſt, therefore, be collected from the hiſtory of his life; whence the Apoſtle gathered them alſo. As he is ſaid to *ſpeak by his Faith*, ſo the things ſpoken by him are undoubtedly things, of which that Faith is a ſtrong evidence, and a peculiar exhibition.

Abel, after he had arrived at adult years, offered to God a ſacrifice *of the firſtlings of his flock*. In this ſacrifice he teſtified his faith in Chriſt, the great ſacrifice, typified by his own offering, and by thoſe of all the ſucceeding patriarchs. This ſacrifice is in the verſe, from which the text is taken, declared to have been *better*, or, as in the Greek, *more*, than that of Cain: not becauſe it was more valuable in itſelf, but becauſe it was offered with an honeſt, believing, penitent heart, a lively ſenſe of the guilt of ſin, and a firm reliance on the atonement of Chriſt, as the true and only expiation. Theſe undoubtedly are the principal things, which he ſpeaks to mankind. Others, of the ſame general nature, may be alſo learned from his hiſtory; and all thoſe, which may be thus learned, are ſpoken by him. He was the firſt of the children of men, who, born a ſinner, yet, early turned to righteouſneſs, and yielded himſelf as a penitent child to his heavenly Father. He was the firſt martyr in the cauſe of truth; the firſt ſufferer for obedience to the Goſpel. He was the firſt perſon who aſcended to heaven from this ruined world; the firſt, who excited in that happy place, the joy which is experienced over repenting and returning ſinners.

In all theſe things is Abel an Inſtructor to mankind. All of them he declares from the grave, and from the eternal world, and with a ſolemnity and force, an eloquence and perſuaſion, ſingularly affecting. It is our duty to hear, learn, and obey.

What is here ſaid by the Apoſtle concerning Abel is true of all good men, with whoſe hiſtory, Faith, and holineſs, we are acquainted. The inſtructions which they give are different, indeed, in their nature and im-

portance, but they are all deeply intereſting; the manner in which they are delivered is various, but univerſally affecting and perſuaſive. From every one profit may be certainly and eaſily derived; and will, whenever we contemplate their character, life, and death, be derived of courſe, unleſs we are ſinfully ſtupid and unteachable. They are all *a cloud of Witneſſes* to our conduct; a hoſt of Teachers, proclaiming with a ſolemn and impreſſive voice our intereſt and our duty. The things, which they have done and ſuffered in the ſervice of God, in the cauſe of Chriſt, and for the attainment of eternal life, they aſſemble in a ſeries of diſcourſes, more powerful and perſuaſive than any which is, or can be, uttered by the living. The voice is a voice from the grave. The preachers are viſitants from the inviſible world; from that unknown, and undiſcovered region, to which we are bound. They bring news from heaven; and tell us the ſolemn and delightful things, which take place in the kingdom of God. They rehearſe the conduct, and deſcribe the ſtate, of thoſe who have lived before us; of themſelves and their companions; our examples in life, and our forerunners in eternity; and teach us their character and ſituation, their virtues and rewards. On life and death their inſtructions are juſt and ſolemn; on eternity and heaven they are awful and glorious. No apprehenſions can ariſe, that they will deceive us, or will themſelves be deceived. They are of no party, of no ſect, and in no private intereſt; have no ſelfiſh deſigns to advance, no favourite ſyſtem to eſtabliſh. Whatever they declare, is dictated by truth only, and directed only to our good.

Even wicked men ſpeak alſo from the grave. In their awful diſcourſes we hear, and learn, the deplorable nature of ſin, its folly, debaſement, and bondage, its hopeleſs character, and miſerable end. Here the boaſted pleaſures and advantages of iniquity vaniſh at once. Here all its plans are fruſtrated, and all its hopes diſſolved. Its value is here ſeen to be viſionary; and its fruits, fragrant and beautiful as they ſeem to the en-

chanted ſenſes of the ſinner, are found to convey only poiſon and death. Every Impenitent, who has gone into the unſeen world, may be juſtly regarded as riſing from the grave, as looking out of eternity, and as teſtifying that himſelf with all his pride and boaſting was a fool, a madman, dreaming in bedlam of his own worth, importance, and happineſs, and miſtaking his ſtraw hat for a crown, his rags for a robe of ermine, his dunghill for a throne, and his reed for a ſcepter. With theſe poſſeſſions, he once declared, that *he was rich, and increaſed with goods, and had need of nothing*. But now he knows, that *he is, and that he then was, wretched, and miſerable, and poor, and blind, and naked.*

Wicked men, thus addreſſing us, warn us of our danger, and exhort us to ſhun the dreadful end, to which they have brought themſelves by their folly and ſin. Good men, pointing to their own hiſtory, recounting their paſt labours, ſufferings and virtues, and holding out to our view their glorious and immortal end, ſolemnly ſubjoin, *Go thou, and do likewiſe.*

Theſe, however, are not the only things, which we are taught by the dead. The tomb is a general ſchool of inſtruction, furniſhed with leſſons of the greateſt variety, and the higheſt importance, concerning every thing intereſting to man. All that paſſes among the living, the dying, and the dead, is here recounted and impreſſed. The teachers are endleſs in multitude, immenſely diverſified in their characters, deeply affecting, ſingularly ſolemn, and to thoſe, who liſten, ſupremely powerful. Advantages attend them, and their Inſtructions, which the living, however great and wiſe, can never claim. They are, as I have obſerved, evidently impartial, juſt, and unintereſted to deceive or betray. They are found every where, and can be heard every moment. They accompany us in our buſineſs, amuſements, ſtudies, ſolitary walks, and cloſeted retirements. They addreſs us when we riſe in the morning; they leave us only when we loſe ourſelves in ſleep. They ſpeak to us on every ſubject, of real importance; and

they give to every ſubject a peculiar, moſt affecting, and moſt uſeful character.

Among the things which are taught by the dead, thoſe are eſpecially intereſting, which have heretofore particularly reſpected themſelves. Thoſe, in which they have been perſonally concerned; in which they acted or ſuffered, for which they have been diſtinguiſhed, and by which they have been characteriſed. Thus the Infant, in artleſs and melancholy accents, liſps from the grave the moſt affecting leſſons on the uncertainty, ſhortneſs, and vanity of life. Not even the comparative innocence of that early period, it declares, furniſhes the leaſt exemption from pain and ſorrow, diſeaſe and death. "See here," it cries from the dreary tomb, "the dawn of exiſtence ſet and vaniſhed in never-ending night. Behold me, born only to die, and carried from the cradle to the grave. In me ſee life, and hope, and joy, lighted up only to be extinguiſhed; a day-ſtar riſen, but followed by no future day. You alſo are deſcended from the ſame ſource of apoſtacy and death. Like mine your life is frail and periſhing. Huſband it while it laſts; for there is no work, nor wiſdom, in the grave, whither you go."

The Youth from the ſame regions of ſilence and ſleep proclaims the emptineſs and illuſion, the war and waſte, of paſſions and appetites. The hopes, which he ſo fondly cheriſhed, he declares to have been bubbles, which roſe for a moment on the ſtream, and diſappeared never to riſe again. The pleaſures, in which he ſo eagerly rioted, he pronounces to have been a Circean draught, which changed him into a brute while he lived, and with a ſlow and imperceptible poiſon ſpread through his conſtitution decay and death. Indignantly he teaches the chicane of ſelf-flattery, and the ruin of ſelf-juſtification. In glowing colours he deſcribes the deplorable folly of procraſtination, of truſting to a future ſeaſon for repentance, and of hazarding heaven and hell on the wretched uncertainty of a hereafter. On all his former companions he calls, while they ſtand around his grave, or purſue him in thought

into the inviſible world, to remember, that the young as well as the aged die; that they themſelves muſt ſoon follow him; that life is only the dawn of eternity; and that ſuch as our conduct is, during the morning, will be our lot throughout the day. Moſt affectingly, therefore, does he warn them to *remember their Creator in the days of their youth, before the evil days come, in which they ſhall ſay, they have no pleaſure.*

The Man of middle age repeats the ſame ſolemn leſſon concerning the buſineſs, the avarice, and the ambition, of that period. Man he holds up to view, cut off in the midſt of his ſchemes of accumulating wealth, and acquiring reputation; his ardent efforts to obtain honour, office, power, and popular favour, and his laborious purſuit of learning, eloquence, and mental diſtinction. All theſe he declares to be uſeleſs and worthleſs without piety. The World he pronounces to be a mere toy-ſhop, ſtored with baubles, fitted to allure and amuſe children, but meriting only the contempt of years and underſtanding. On the cares and anxieties, the toils and acquiſitions, of man, his finger, like the hand which appeared to Belſhazzar, inſcribes *Vanity and vexation of ſpirit.*

At the cloſe of this awful train Age ſlowly advances, and with a trembling hand points at the hour-glaſs, which meaſures human life. On us he calls to mark how faſt they run, how many are emptied, and how few remain. *What is your life?* he cries; *It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away.* I, who paſſed ſeventy years, know by ſure experience, that it is a dream; idly amuſing for a moment, and then fleeting before the beams of the morning.

In this great ſcene of inſtructive meditation we behold all ages the promiſcuous prey of the tomb. Here, together, the ſmile of infancy expires, the bloom of youth fades, the vigour of manhood ſhrinks, and the feebleneſs of age is finally benumbed. Here the hopes of the ardent, the beauty of the graceful, the learning of the wiſe, the tongue of the eloquent, the wealth of

the rich, the glory of the renowned, and the power of the great, are ſeen to be all equally vain and uſeleſs; equally victims of the king of terrors; gone; forgotten; and only ſummoned back to remembrance, as ſolemn monitors to the living. Here, alſo, ariſes to view, in immenſe numbers, the great congregation of the dead. While, fixed in thought, we contemplate this vaſt aſſembly, we inſtinctively caſt forward the eye of propheſy, and ſurvey the amazing multitude, which ſhall ſtand up at the cloſing day. We behold the incomprehenſible millions come forth out of the grave, repeople the world at once, and for a moment, with endleſs myriads, and preſent in a ſingle view the whole family of Adam. We ſee them arranged on the right hand, and on the left, of the Judge; we hear them acquitted, or condemned; we behold them riſe to heaven, or deſcend to hell.

Thus are numerous kinds of the moſt uſeful knowledge taught by the dead. Thus are wiſdom and virtue enforced, and folly and ſin repelled, by the united voice of the good and the evil. Here alone both harmonize in one purpoſe, and teach one ſet of inſtructions, in modes equally ſolemn and affecting.

Among ſuch, as in this character become the moſt intereſting inſtructors to us, thoſe are eſpecially to be remembered, who, having once lived in the ſame neighbourhood, or family, or been of the ſame age, employment, or circumſtances, have been peculiarly known, and beloved. From thoſe, whom we have familiarly known, much may be gained, which a ſtranger cannot teach; and from thoſe, whom we have tenderly loved, all inſtructions come with a force and perſuaſion wholly peculiar. On all things, relating to them, we dwell more frequently, and with ſtronger emotions, than on the concerns of others. Their converſation and conduct, their wiſdom and folly, their virtue and ſin, are a teſtamentary deviſe conveying a valuable legacy to all their ſurviving companions. Their inſtructions are univerſally inveſted with the ſolemn and impreſſive character of dying words. An awful and melancholy voice from the grave commands

our attention; and the unembodied ſpirit, advancing from behind the curtain which ſeparates us from eternity, forces us for the ſeaſon to withdraw our minds from ſenſe and ſin, and compels us to fix them on our duty and ſalvation.

The more eſteemed and beloved theſe immortal preachers have been, while they lived, the more enlightened with uſeful knowledge, and the more diſtinguiſhed by uſeful life, the more valuable and affecting are their inſtructions. To every precept and admonition they lend the whole power of their wiſdom and holineſs. Their language to us is the language of life; the amount, and the nature, of their conduct, explained and enforced by their character. Abel ſpeaks to ſucceeding generations by his Faith; by the excellence of this attribute, and the eminence of the degree in which it was exerciſed. In the ſame manner ſpeak all the ſaints who have followed him. Every excellence of every good man is a powerful ſermon to thoſe around, while he lives; and when he is dead, the diſcourſe aſſumes a new power, and conveys the beſt exhortations in the moſt cogent manner.

It has doubtleſs been foreſeen by my audience, that the late untimely death of *Mr. Marſh* has given birth to this diſcourſe, and to the choice of this ſubject. In him all the circumſtances, which I have mentioned, as furniſhing the beſt inſtructions, and enforcing them in the moſt affecting manner, eſpecially on the Officers and Students of this Seminary, are united. He was our acquaintance, our companion, our friend. He was poſſeſſed of ſuperiour talents, uncommon literary acquiſitions, amiable and poliſhed manners, unblemiſhed morals, and unqueſtioned piety. He had aſſumed the public employments of an Inſtructor in the liberal ſciences and a Preacher of the Goſpel; and in both appeared with high advantage and univerſal approbation. Thus he was not only prepared for eminent uſefulneſs, but was already eminently uſeful. The friend of mankind anticipated, from what he had already done, the future, faithful miniſter of the Goſpel, the

powerful preacher of genuine religion, and the honourable inſtrument of ſalvation to multitudes of his fellow men. Nor was he regarded with leſs certainty, as an ornament of private life, an improver of ſcience, and a general benefactor of thoſe around him.

Of this, his well-known, acknowledged character, we have been eye-witneſſes. In this Town, and in this Seminary of ſcience, he ſpent almoſt all his life, except his childhood. Here he ſtudied, taught, and preached. With us he lived, converſed, and worſhipped. The benefits of his inſtructions, and his example, have been here chiefly diffuſed, and enjoyed. To us, therefore, more than to any others, except his near relations, he ſpeaks from beyond the grave.

Where is he now? his body is buried in the ſolitary grave. His ſpirit has returned to God, the Author of his being, given the final account of his conduct in the preſent life, and begun to receive the recompenſe of reward. Of the dead it becomes us to ſpeak with modeſty and caution. But from ſuch a life we are warranted to hope, and to believe, that *he died in the Lord, that he has reſted from his labours, and that his works have followed him* into the heavens. Here he appeared to be *faithful over the few things* committed to his care, and to employ *his talents* laborioufly in the ſervice of him who *gave them:* we are, therefore, authorized by the Scriptures to believe, that there he has been pronounced to have *well done*, and permitted to *enter into the joy of his Lord.*

From that world of immortal being he now ſpeaks to all, whom he has left behind, and with peculiar force to thoſe, among whom he lived and died. What are the things which he declares? The following will undoubtedly be acknowledged to be of this number.

1ſt. *That the expectations of Man, particularly of the Young, concerning earthly happineſs, are vanity.*

A few days ſince, he was here; in youth; in uninterrupted health; in diſtinguiſhed reputation; in honourable and delightful purſuits; in the midſt of fair hopes; and in the poſſeſſion of many and elevated en-

joyments. His paſt life he could review with as little pain, as moſt of the children of Adam; the preſent he enjoyed with as ſincere and unmingled pleaſure; and in the future he beheld as bright and unclouded proſpects. His morning was clear, ſerene, and delightful; full of beauty, and full of hope; but, ere the ſun had reached its middle courſe, it was hidden by an intercepting cloud, and diſappeared, never to ſhine again.

Here, then, with a perſuaſive voice he declares the emptineſs of all worldly good, whether in poſſeſſion, or expectation. Of ſuch good few enjoyed more; to ſuch good, few could look forward with a fairer promiſe. But the bubble, with all its brilliant hues, and charming variegations, burſt at the touch, and left not a trace behind.

In what reſpect is your own ſhare of earthly happineſs more valuable, or more ſecure? Are you more ingenious, more wiſe, more virtuous, or more beloved? How few would the common voice declare to be his equals in theſe important characteriſtics? How few have begun the courſe of wiſdom ſo early, or ſo well? Rarely is health ſo entirely enjoyed; rarely is life ſo unblameable or ſo deſirable.

Whence then are your fond hopes, your overweening expectations of worldly good? Is God ſuch a reſpecter of perſons? Can you reaſonably believe, that he will exempt you from the common ſhare of expoſure and ſuffering? Is there any thing in your character to warrant this preſumption? He may, I acknowledge, continue your bleſſings; but unleſs you become obedient and thankful, they will not prove bleſſings to you. The enjoyments of the impenitent are curſes, and not bleſſings; means, not of holineſs and ſalvation, but of ſin and wrath; of accumulating guilt, and enhancing woe. If you perſiſt in unbelief and rebellion, you will, inſtead of being bleſſed, be only *endured as veſſels of wrath*, fitting yourſelves for deſtruction.

In the mean time, the enjoyments, of which you boaſt, will be neither great, nor ſecure. A thouſand

uncertainties attend your poſſeſſions, and your hopes. Your *riches make to themſelves wings as an eagle, and fly away.* Your health is eaſily withered by the froſt of diſeaſe. Your reputation is eaſily blaſted by the breath which cheriſhed it. Your expectations are daily deſtroyed by a hoſt of accidents, which array themſelves againſt the hopes of man. The very life alſo, on which they are all ſuſpended, is but *the morning cloud, and the early dew, which ſoon paſſeth away.*

But, *ſhould you live many years, and rejoice in them all, ſtill the days of darkneſs will come, and they will be many.* Whatever proſperity you may enjoy, the period cannot be diſtant, when all your pleaſures will retire; and you will ſee, with anguiſh of heart, that *you have received all your good things in this life.*

Theſe things the Deceaſed proclaims to you with a truth and energy, which you are bound to feel and obey. The enjoyments, and the hopes, now ſo ſtrongly reliſhed by you, were his yeſterday. To day they are gone forever. His finger directs your eyes to the vaſt of futurity, and on the wall, which ſeparates it from your view, points to *Mene, Tekel,* written by the hand of God on all the earthly concerns of Man.

2dly. *In the ſame manner he announces the nearneſs, and the importance, of Death, the Judgment, and Eternity.*

No leſſon is more unqueſtioned, more ſolemn, or more intereſting than this; and yet none is more neglected and forgotten. The race of Adam are all travellers in the journey of life. Sorrows, and diſeaſes, like an army of ſavages, aſſail them from every concealment, and through every opening. At every ſtage of their progreſs Death ambuſhes their path, and unſeen graves open to receive them. The dart of this victorious enemy finiſhes the work, begun by his auxiliaries; and Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Age, deſcend to the tomb in one vaſt and mingled multitude. Still the ſurviving travellers, undiſmayed and unconcerned, crowd onward, inſenſible of their danger, and careleſs of their deſtiny. In vain do the

dying exhort, and the dead preach. In vain does God with infinite kindneſs warn them *ſo to number their days, as to apply their hearts unto wiſdom.*

Let me aſk, Can this inſenſibility conſiſt with duty, intereſt, or common ſenſe? Death cannot be far diſtant from each of you; he may be at the door. At his arrival your probation will be cloſed forever. The final trial will then begin, and conſign you over to the endleſs recompenſe of reward. Are you prepared for theſe awful things? In what manner have you lived? Have you believed the Goſpel, truſted in Chriſt, repented of your ſins, and turned to God? Has your life been a life of holineſs, of piety to God, of beneficence to your fellow-creatures, and of faithfulneſs to yourſelves? Have your cloſets witneſſed your ſecret, and the ſanctuary your public, devotions? Have thoſe around you, has your Maker, ſeen you juſt, ſincere, and charitable? Have your Conſciences teſtified daily to you your *denial of all ungodlineſs and worldly luſts?* Do you feel, *that in ſimplicity and godly ſincerity, not with fleſhly wiſdom, but by the grace of God, you have had your converſation in the world?*

Have you thought, have you felt, that you muſt die; that you will be judged; that you will receive an eternal reward; and that you will aſcend to heaven, or go down to hell? Dare you now venture yourſelves on any conſoling and ſupporting teſtimony of your own minds? Will God judge more favourably for you than you for yourſelves?

In this great journey the Deceaſed walked juſt before you. The dart pierced him, and he ſunk into the grave. While he was ſafe in his own view, and in the view of all around him, he trode upon the brink of the dark and narrow houſe. Are you more ſafe than he was? Behold his end, and learn your own. Death, near to him, while apparently diſtant, is near alſo to you. At the ſame bar, where he has juſt finiſhed his account, you will ſpeedily appear. The eternal world, of which he is juſt become an inhabitant, will ſoon open its manſions for your final reception.

3dly. *With a voice ſtill more affecting he teaches you, that it is wiſdom to ſeek God, and chooſe Religion, in the morning of life.*

This both his life and death irreſiſtibly declare. We have every reaſon to believe, that he *ſought Chriſt early, and found him.* The religion of Chriſt he profeſſed, and *witneſſed a good profeſſion* by an evangelical life. Chriſtians, ſo far as we know them at all, we *know by their fruits.* On him the fruits of holineſs were cluſtered with unuſual beauty and abundance. The religion, which he profeſſed, was the religion of the Goſpel. It was not merely decency, amiableneſs of deportment, external worſhip, or ſtrictneſs in performing thoſe which are called moral duties. All theſe, indeed, he exhibited with high advantage; but on them all he placed no reliance, as the foundation of his acceptance with God. His religion was the Faith, Repentance, and Holineſs, of the Goſpel. He believed, he taught, I doubt not he felt, that himſelf and all his fellow-men were ſinners, condemned and ruined; and that a *new heart, and a right ſpirit*, formed by the Holy Ghoſt, is indiſpenſible to all men, as the means of ſalvation. Chriſt, the great theme of his preaching, was, we have every reaſon to believe, the great, and the only, object of his reliance, for pardon and juſtification before God.

From this character ſprang, as from a pure fountain, all the amiable, honourable and hopeful attributes, by which he was diſtinguiſhed. This made his life uſeful and lovely; this rendered his death peaceful and happy. Who would not wiſh ſo to have lived, and ſo to have died? Who ever regretted, on a dying bed, that he was a Chriſtian? Who, at that ſolemn period, ever lamented his Faith in Chriſt, his Repentance of ſin, his Love to God, or his Kindneſs to his fellow-men? Did any Friend ever mourn that his beloved friend died in the belief and obedience of the Goſpel? Did any parent ever grieve, that his darling child left the world, truſting in Chriſt, and founding on his Righteouſneſs all his hopes of a bleſſed immor-

tality? Do the Parents of the Deceaſed lament his profeſſion and practice of the Chriſtian Religion? What, think you, is now, in the midſt of all their ſorrows, the chief, the only, conſolation of their hearts?

What is now the theme, which I, wiſhing to pay a tribute of reſpect to the memory of my departed Friend, and to promote the real good of thoſe who hear me, chooſe, as the moſt pleaſing, conſoling, and profitable theme of conſideration? Is it not *his Chriſtianity*, to the excluſion of all other things, however ornamental, and however deſirable? How cold and dreary, how poor and barren, how uſeleſs and hopeleſs, would his character appear in this place, were this great ingredient wanting? This is the life, the ſoul, without which all would be a mere lump of clay; a maſs of death and corruption. This is the gem, which gives beauty and ſplendour to the otherwiſe beggarly attire. This is the day-ſtar, which illumines the retreating darkneſs, and becomes the promiſe of a perfect and glorious day.

How different, how immenſely different, from all this is Infidelity? Infidels have, at times, retained their pride of ſelf-conſiſtency, avowed their principles, and boaſted of their character, on a dying bed. They have, at times, alſo, died with careleſſneſs and ſtupidity. Sinners of all deſcriptions have done the ſame. The traitor has often gloried in his treaſon, the highwayman in his robbery, and the pickpocket in his ingenious pilfering, when he ſtood under the gibbet. *Deſpard* boaſted of his treaſon and infidelity alike; and *Ravillac*, on equally rational grounds, of his aſſaſſination. But did any Infidel ever ſoberly and ſolemnly, with a clear ſenſe of the importance of accountableneſs to God, awakened to his own character, and ſatisfied of a future retribution, feel his ſoul ſupported, and comforted, by a remembrance of his principles, and a review of his conduct? Did any Friend ever rejoice in the dying infidelity of his friend? Did any Parents ever find conſolation for their ſorrows in the recollection, that their Child expired an Infidel? How

many Infidels, on a death bed have lamented, with anguiſh, their rejection of the Redeemer?

In the characters, given of Infidels even by Infidels themſelves, their principles, and their conformity to them, rarely find a place. I have ſeen them alledged in a few inſtances as parts of a panegyric; but only in ſuch a manner, as to ſhew the pride, not the approbation, of the panegyriſt; to wound the feelings of ſurviving Chriſtians, not to ornament the character, or to exhibit the worth, of the deceaſed. In almoſt all inſtances the Infidelity both ſpeculative and practical is buried in ſilence; and in not a few Chriſtianity is boldly challenged as a laurel for him, who during his life was wreathed only with hemlock.

In the life, and in the death, of our deceaſed Friend, Religion is with peculiar energy recommended to thoſe who knew him, and eſpecially to the Youths of this audience. *By his Faith, being dead, he yet* moſt powerfully *ſpeaks* to you all. Strip him of his religion, and what would be left in his character and life, which, in your view, would now be of any value? What a change would be wrought in that character, in your eſtimation, in the hopes of his peculiar friends, and in the conſolations of his afflicted parents?

What Religion was to him it will be to you. The reputation, the uſefulneſs, the peace, in life, the hope in death, the happineſs in eternity, which we truſt he has found, you, if poſſeſſed of religion, will find alſo. Without religion what would *he* be now? Without religion what within a little period muſt *you* be?

But he choſe religion in the beginning of life. How important that ſeaſon to him! It was his only ſeaſon. Had he neglected this great ſubject, had he poſtponed his choice, to this day, what would have been his death; his appearance before God; the account given; the ſentence pronounced, the retribution awarded?

You, as well as he, muſt die. Some of you will unqueſtionably bid adieu to the world in the morning of life, and follow him to an early grave. When the ſolemn period ſhall arrive, at which you will be ſum-

moned out of the world, when you ſhall ſtand before the laſt tribunal, when the final ſentence is about to be pronounced, how greatly will you need the ſupport, the confidence, which Chriſtians alone experience, and which religion alone can give? Remember therefore, always, that *one thing*, and only one, *is* really *needful, and chooſe that good part, which ſhall never be taken from you;* and, to quicken yourſelves to this great duty, call to mind, daily, how delightful was the end of him, whoſe death we commemorate, and how melancholy it would have been, if he had not died a Chriſtian.

FINIS.